

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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The Rainbow Pixie . . .
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The Rainbow Pixie



1. Once upon a time, there was a little Pixie who was very lazy. He liked to lie and bask in the sun all day, and he would never even bother to fly. He would lie propped up against the stalk of a big toadstool and even his best friend, the little Fairy Cathy, could not make him move.



2. Fairy Cathy was quite worried about the lazy little Pixie. He was getting quite fat, because he never had any exercise, like all the others, so Cathy went to talk to the Fairy Queen about the problem. As Cathy was talking to the Queen, a Summer rain storm broke and then a beautiful rainbow appeared in the sky.



3. The Fairy Queen smiled. "I have an idea," she said. "I think I know a way to make the lazy Pixie use his wings." She asked Cathy to take her to the lazy little Pixie. There he lay, fast asleep and quite unaware of the rain, right at the end of the rainbow. The Fairy Queen waved her magic wand at him.



4. The rain stopped and the rainbow disappeared. After a time, the little Pixie stirred and woke up. Then he stood up and stretched. To his surprise, lots of other little Pixies and Fairies were standing and staring at him and they all burst out laughing—for the lazy Pixie was all the colours of the rainbow.



5. The little Pixie felt very sad. He turned and ran away from the crowd making fun of him. He was so unhappy that Fairy Cathy felt very sorry for him and she went to the Fairy Queen. "You have made him wish he had used his wings to fly out of the path of the rainbow," she said. "What can he do now?"



6. The Fairy Queen smiled. "The only way he can lose his rainbow colours, is by flying right over the rainbow," she told Cathy. Cathy flew back to the unhappy Pixie, who was sitting on a toadstool, with his head in his hands. "The Fairy Queen says you must fly right over the top of the rainbow," Cathy told him.



7. The little Pixie looked even more sad at this. He had used his wings so little that he found flying hard work, but Cathy, who knew that he would forget how to fly if he did not use his wings, took his hand. Together, they flew up, up into the sky. It was hard work, but at last they reached the rainbow.



8. Cathy clapped her hands for joy, as she and the little Pixie flew right over the rainbow. As they reached the other side, the Pixie's rainbow colours faded and he changed back to the colour that he had been before. He found that he had enjoyed flying so much that he was never lazy and bored again.

All Sorts of Sea-birds

All the beautiful sea-birds that you see on these two pages fly around the coastal areas of Great Britain and build their nests in cliffs and rocks near to the sea. Some kinds are more common than others, of course.



The cormorant is a large sea-bird and measures 3 feet in length. It has a tremendous appetite and will eat and eat until it cannot possibly eat any more. It will then lie on the sea-shore, looking very uncomfortable and clumsy. They can swim under the water, like a submarine, or swim on the surface. Sometimes they will swim on the

surface with their heads underneath the water so as to see the fishes swimming there and so catch them as they travel along. The gannet is smaller than the cormorant, its length being only 34 inches. When flying it keeps sharp eyes on the ocean below, and if it sees a fish the bird will stand on its head in mid-air and dive for



GANNET



FULMAR



CORMORANT



KITTIWAKE

and their eggs



the fish. The puffins, or sea-parrots, as they are sometimes called, have a fine orange beak, the outer covering of which is shed for the Winter months. We do not know why this is but it could be connected with the method by which the puffin collects food for its young. The fish are stored in its beak and are arranged side by side until there

are ten fish inside. Men who have watched the puffin collect the fish, say that it is amazing that the other fish stay in its beak while it is fishing for the tenth one. Surely this is just another of Nature's mysteries. The puffin then flies back to its nest to feed its hungry young.



PUFFIN



BLACK GUILLEMOT



RAZORBILL



GUILLEMOT



BRER RABBIT

This week . . . Brer Rabbit and King Kronk

NOW it happened one day that the birds were singing and the bees were buzzing and the fish were biting, and Brer Rabbit was the happiest person in the whole world. And do you know why? It was because he was sitting at the best fishing-spot beside a deep pool, catching fish.

"My, my, my! What a peaceful life for a fellow," chuckled Brer Rabbit to himself. "I could do this for days and days and never get tired."

But that's just where Brer Rabbit was wrong, because up came Brer Fox and Brer Bear, and they had brought along their fishing rods, too.

"Howdy, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox.

"Howdy, Brer Bear," said Brer Rabbit.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Bear.

When these polite greetings were over, Brer Fox and Brer Bear sat themselves down to fish—but after half an hour they had caught exactly nothing, and during that time Brer Rabbit had caught two.

"That's a good fishing spot you've got there, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox.

"It must be the best spot around this pool," growled Brer Bear. "If I spend a lot of time fishing and never catch anything I get very sad. Then I get a bit jealous of other folks doing better than me. And when I get jealous I get angry. And when I get angry I'm all horrid and bad-tempered."

"If I never catch any fish for tea I start thinking about rabbit-pie," said Brer Fox, showing his big white teeth. "It would stop me thinking about rabbit-pie if someone changed places."

Brer Rabbit knew when he was beaten. With a sigh he got up and moved away.

"Ah well, I reckon I've had enough of fishing for today," he remarked. "You two can have my place."

"How very kind of you," said Brer Fox.

Brer Rabbit moved away and the two bigger animals quickly moved over to the best fishing-spot, chuckling to themselves.

Brer Rabbit had not got far up a nearby lane when he saw something lying on the ground. It was shiny white and about as big as a football.

"What's this?" he wondered.

"Don't you know? It's a salt lick," moaned a deep voice, and Sister Cow poked her head through the hedge. "Mr. Farmer buys big lumps of rock salt and puts them in the field for us cows to lick. Licking salt is good for cattle, you know. He went to town to buy a fresh supply of salt blocks and one of them must have dropped from his cart."

"Do you mind if I have it?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"Not at all," replied Sister Cow. "All you've got to do is to lick it now and then and it will do you a lot of good."

"I'm sure it will," said Brer Rabbit.

Now, artful Brer Rabbit had no intention of licking that lump of salt—but it had given him an idea.

That evening he found himself an old tree trunk with spiky branches. Then he

painted eyes on it and gave it two long white teeth. Next morning he dragged the tree trunk down to the deep pool, tied the big lump of salt to one end of it and dropped it into the water.

Pulled down by the weight of the block of salt, the tree trunk sank down under the water out of sight.

Then Brer Rabbit sat down at the best fishing-spot and started fishing. But it wasn't long before Brer Fox and Brer Bear came up with their rods.

"Howdy, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit. "I'm in luck today. I've got special permission to sit here and fish."

"Who from?" asked Brer Fox.

"From King Kronk," said Brer Rabbit.

"King Kronk?" growled Brer Bear. "Who might that be?"

"He's the new ruler of the pool," said Brer Rabbit. "He arrived during the night and he's a distant relation of King Neptune, the ruler of the sea, you know."

Brer Fox and Brer Bear laughed quite loud at this and said that Brer Rabbit must be imagining things.

"Oh, no I'm not," said Brer Rabbit. "I can tell you that King Kronk will be popping up in a moment to see if there's somebody fishing who isn't allowed to. And as he only gives permission to one person a day, it's no good you hanging around. You'll have to be here first thing in the morning and ask King Kronk."

"I don't believe you," said Brer Bear, staring at the still pool of water.

"Oh, he'll be popping up in a moment," Brer Rabbit repeated.

And so a minute passed with all three of them staring into the pool. There was a movement in the water, a few ripples appeared and then out of the depths came a strange figure with long, spiky arms, staring eyes and two big teeth!

"Greetings, your majesty King Kronk," said Brer Rabbit.

Brer Fox and Brer Bear did not stop to say a thing, but turned and ran away as fast as they could.

Brer Rabbit, he just chuckled and got on with his fishing. You see, he knew that the block of salt would slowly dissolve and then the tree-trunk would come floating to the top of the pool.

"My, my! I don't think either of them will be back here for a whole month," he smiled to himself. And what a jolly time he had beside the pool, with the birds all singing and the bees all buzzing and the fish all biting. What a cunning little rascal he is, isn't he?

Enjoy another chuckle story with Brer Rabbit next week.



PEPPER



The red and green peppers on the left are often eaten raw in salads, or cooked with meat dishes.



In the Middle Ages, pepper was one of the most precious spices. It was used to flavour the tough, salted meat which people had to eat during Winter. Today it is used more sparingly because of its hot taste. Pepper comes from the berries of an evergreen plant, which grows in Malaya and the East Indies. The berries, called peppercorns, are picked, dried and ground into powder. This is black pepper. For white pepper, the berries are first soaked so that the black skin comes off.

Well, Fancy That!



In Louisiana, in America, a double wedding was held a hundred years ago, in the middle of plantations of oak and pine trees. Instead of decorations, thousands of spiders were taken to the plantations,

where they spun webs. The webs were then dusted with gold powder, so that it looked like a golden fairyland for the reception afterwards.



Have you ever tried to crack a cherry stone? It is so tough that it needs something like the weight of a ten stone man to crack it. However, the little Hawfinch can crack a cherry stone with its beak. Although this tiny little bird weighs only about two ounces, its beak and jaw muscles are so strong that it can break open very tough nut shells.



Egypt has been able to exist for six thousand years only because the River Nile floods each year, spreading much soil and mud, which is good for growing crops, over the fields. Without the floods, most of Egypt would be desert.

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 19 and try to answer the questions, to see how good your memory is.

The Cobbled Streets of Clovelly

THERE are many pretty fishing villages to be seen around the coasts of Devon and Cornwall. They attract many holiday makers. Perhaps you have visited such a village yourself?

In our picture you will see a picturesque lane that still has a cobbled stone surface. This lane is in Clovelly, North West Devon, and all the streets and lanes in this quaint fishing village are cobbled.

Years ago, cobbles were used in all road surfaces and, as you can imagine, a ride over these stones was very bumpy.

Because Clovelly is so hilly and the lanes are so narrow, it is closed to motor cars and public transport. If you wish to travel through the town but do not want to walk, a donkey, such as seen in the picture, will take you and your luggage to wherever you wish to go.

The cottages were built about two hundred years ago and are mainly stone. Many cottages have boxes of flowers attached to their window sills and in the summer they are a pretty sight to see.

The quay at Clovelly is also built of stone and the harbour shelters the fishing boats when they return home from long fishing trips.

The weather is very mild in Clovelly and flowers, such as honeysuckle, hydrangeas, jasmine, camellia, japonica and rhododendrons, can be seen in full bloom there when such flowers in the rest of the country have long since died.

Nearby, there is a famous drive known as The Hobby Drive. It is a stretch of road which winds through some of the prettiest countryside in that area. It was called The Hobby Drive because the building of it was the hobby of a man named Sir J. H. Williams.





The Princess and the Dwarf



1. The Princess Emilia was being held captive in a high tower by a rather ugly dwarf. Each day, the dwarf climbed the steps of the tower to talk to her. "Tell me I am handsome," he would ask, but she replied, "No, I am a Princess and I cannot lie."



2. The dwarf always seemed very sad at her reply, but the Princess refused to lie. One day, the dwarf took her to see his lovely garden. Emilia was pleased, for she was bored in her lonely tower. He showed her lovely flowers and a sparkling fountain.



3. "Please tell me I am handsome," the dwarf pleaded again, but Emilia shook her head. However, she felt sorry, for she was sure the dwarf had a kind heart. "Never mind, it is better to be gentle and kind, than to be handsome," she said. But the dwarf only sighed as he led her back to her room in the tower.



4. Next day, the dwarf took Emilia to the battlements of his castle and showed her the beautiful view. Emilia felt quite happy with him, not at all as if she were his prisoner, but she felt sad that she could not tell him he was handsome, for she knew that was what he wanted more than anything else.



5. "Please tell me I am handsome," the dwarf pleaded once more. "I cannot," sighed Emilia. "I have told you that a Royal Princess cannot lie. You are not handsome, but you are kind, so let me go back to my home and family." The dwarf hid his face in despair.



6. Then he said: "I will set you free, if that is really what you wish." Emilia felt so happy when she heard this that everything looked twice as lovely, and even the dwarf seemed to have lost his ugliness. "Why, I believe you ARE handsome," she cried.



7. At that, there was a flash of light and where the dwarf had been, there stood a handsome prince. "You have broken the spell," he said, kneeling at Emilia's feet. "An evil magician changed me into an ugly dwarf, saying that the spell would only be broken if a maiden called me handsome, and you did so!"



8. Emilia at once fell in love with the prince, who had loved her even when he was a dwarf. Then he took her back to her father's palace, and the king was so overjoyed to see them both that he gladly gave his consent to the wedding. It took place without delay and Emilia and her prince lived happily ever after.



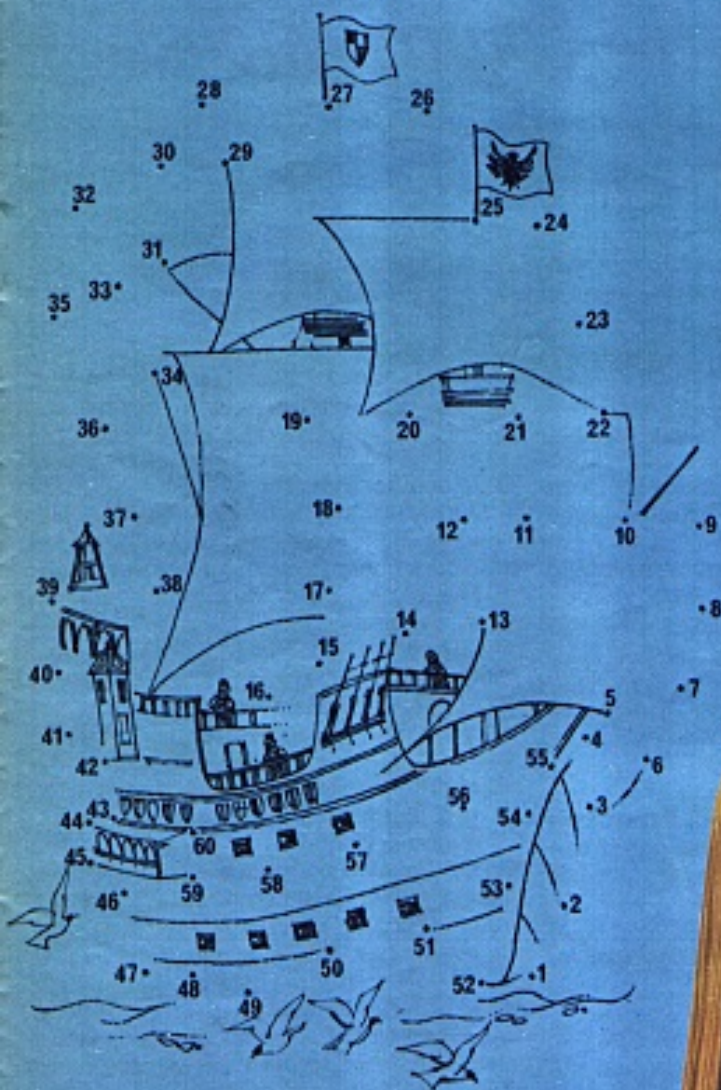
Beautiful Paintings

When you first look at this picture it may seem like a group of people posing for a colour photograph—but such a thing would not be possible. At the time it was painted by artist Frederic Bazille, colour photography had not been invented. The artist died in

1870, when he was only 39 years old, and for one so young he showed great skill at painting portraits. Every person in his picture, called "The Family Reunion", looks very much alive, don't you think? Cut it out and keep it as a Beautiful Painting.

Sir Francis Drake

Sir Francis Drake was born in 1540, near Tavistock, in the English county of Devon. He became the greatest seaman of his time and a famous naval hero. When the Armada, a great fleet of Spanish ships, came to attack England, Sir Francis commanded the ships which fought and beat them back. He was the first English sea captain to sail right round the world. He died in 1596 at sea, off Porto Bello, Panama.



One ship will always be connected with the name of Sir Francis Drake, and that was the Golden Hind. If you complete the puzzle picture above, by carefully joining the dots from 1 to 60, you will draw the Golden Hind for yourself.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Nigel and the runaway balloon.

THE fete at Winifred's village, in aid of the Home for Orphan Mice, was a great success. Everyone was having a splendid time; even Stephanie, who had come to open the fete, and was being admired by everybody.

Nigel was enjoying himself, too. He had made lots of money for the Orphans' Home by giving everybody rides in his big, shiny motor car, and now he was thinking of going for a ride himself—but not in a car.

Nigel had seen a big, gas-filled balloon, with a basket underneath, and he decided to have a ride in it himself.

"It's quite safe, sir," said the man who was taking the money. "The rope is fixed quite firmly to this pulley. When you've had your time in the air, we turn the handle, wind the rope round the pulley and bring the balloon down for you."

Nigel paid his money, then he sat himself in the basket, the rope was unwound and Nigel felt himself floating up in the sky. There was a nice, steady breeze and it felt very pleasant. Nigel was enjoying himself more than he had done for a long time.

Then the balloon swung round and Nigel could see a small farm tractor coming along the edge of the field. It passed close to the balloon pulley, and as it did so, the balloon swung round again and the rope got tangled up with the tractor. The rope snapped without any warning and suddenly the balloon was floating gently away from the fete ground. It had all happened so quickly that no one had time to do anything.

"Come back," shouted the balloon owner.

"Ooh, Nigel, come back quick," cried

Winifred, who was watching from her cake stall; but, of course, Nigel, high up in the sky, could not hear any of them. And he was sailing higher and higher all the time. Over the fete ground he flew, then over the village, and away across Oakwood Forest.

"Hmm, I shouldn't like to come down there," thought Nigel. "It looks very dark and thick and wild. I think I'll just sit tight for a bit and perhaps pull any odd knobs and levers I can find and see what happens." But he couldn't seem to find any odd knobs and levers to pull. It was not at all like driving a car. There was nothing Nigel could do about it and the balloon sailed farther and farther away.

Of course, the people at the fete saw what had happened and were very worried about Nigel. Winifred was the first to speak. "Whatever shall we do?" she squeaked miserably.

But the tractor driver didn't know, and neither did the balloon-owner. "I didn't tell him how to make the balloon come down," said the balloon owner. "I hope he finds out."

"Goodness knows where he'll end up—poor Nigel," sighed Winifred. Then another thought occurred to her. "Oh dear, someone ought to tell our Stephanie," she said. "Perhaps I'd better do it."

Stephanie was with the Mayor and the other important people, but she was just beginning to look around for Nigel, thinking it was time they set off home.

"I wonder where Nigel has got to?" thought Stephanie. "I suppose he might be talking to Winifred, and eating her cakes."

Just then, Winifred appeared, looking very twittery. She told Stephanie all about what had happened to Nigel. "And goodness knows where he will get to and when we shall see him again," she finished up.

Stephanie was furious. "That terrible Nigel—I'll never speak to him again," she said. "Fancy going flying off and leaving me here, like this. How does he think I shall ever manage to get home? He might have taken me home first, before he went flying away." She didn't seem at all concerned about what was going to happen to poor Nigel.

"Madam Mouse," said the Mayor, in his deep voice. "Let me see you home. The chauffeur is waiting outside in my Rolls-Royce and will be delighted to drive you all the way home."

Stephanie gave the Mayor a beaming smile. She thought she would look very grand returning home in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, sitting beside the Mayor. "I'll leave you to tell Nigel that I've gone home, when he arrives," Stephanie said to Winifred.

With that, she and the Mayor got into the big Rolls-Royce and off they set, in the direction of Stephanie's town home.

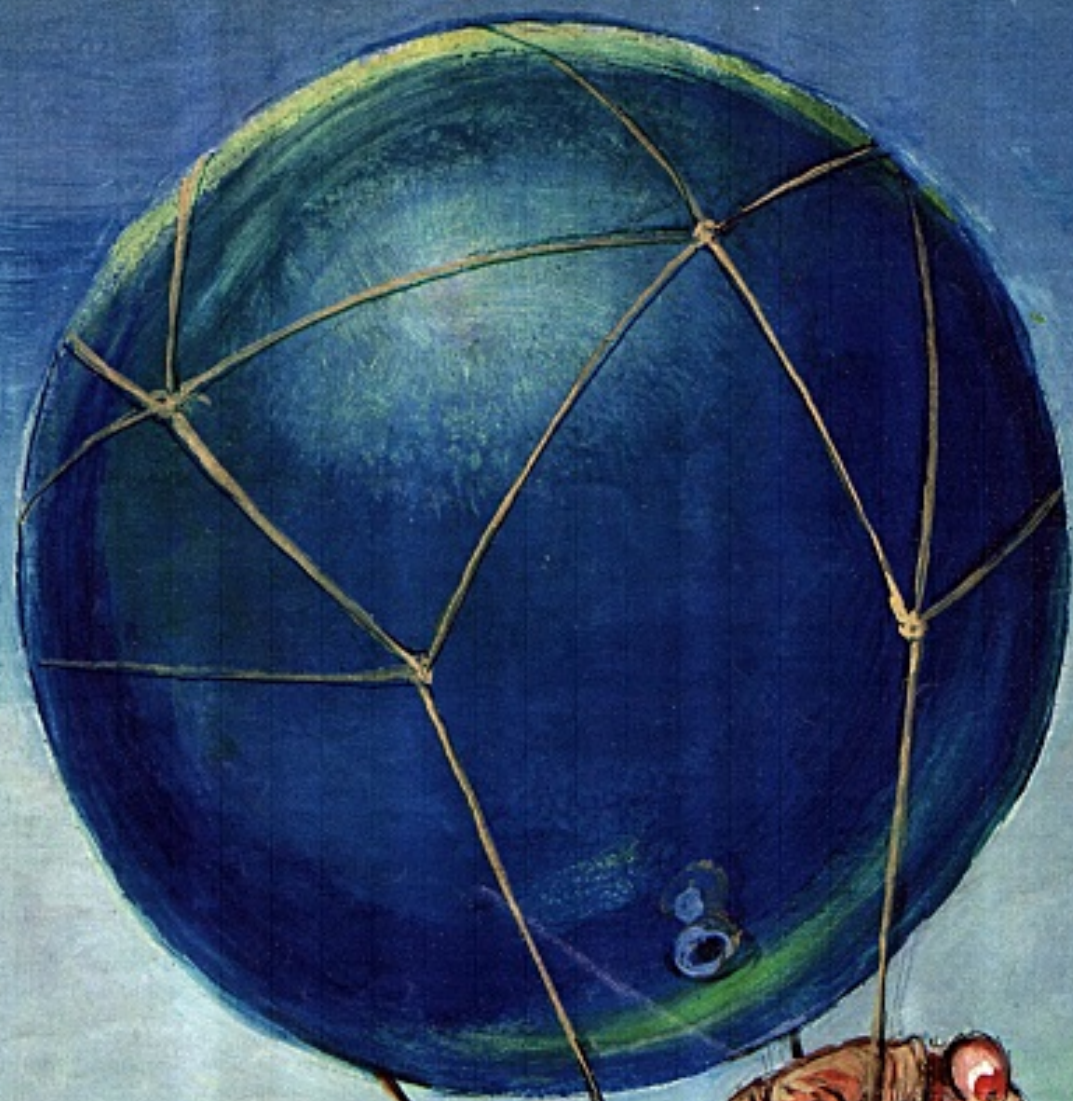
The big car was very comfortable to ride in and they glided so smoothly along the road that Stephanie hardly realised they were going along.

At last they drew up in front of her smart town house. The chauffeur stopped the car. Then he got out and opened the door. The Mayor got out first and then he turned and helped Stephanie out. He did look grand in his Mayor's robes and hat and Stephanie could see all the curtains fluttering at the other houses along the road and she knew that everyone was watching her. She held her big bouquet of flowers on one arm, for everyone to see. Then she thanked the Mayor in a nice clear voice and said what a splendid time she had had, and the Mayor bowed and thanked her for coming to open the fete. Stephanie was sure all the neighbours had heard and she felt very pleased, as she watched the Mayor's car drive away.

Still, now that she was a little less cross with Nigel, she did begin to wonder what he was doing and where he had got to.

Nigel, in fact, was still floating along, high in the sky, and just at that moment he was wondering where Stephanie was and what she was doing. "Stephanie will be furious with me, for not being there to take her home," he thought to himself. "She'll probably never speak to me again. Still, there's really nothing I can do about it, but I had better try to find out how to get this balloon down."

Next week you can find out where Nigel did finally land, when he found out how to bring the balloon down.



King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table



ONCE upon a time, there came to King Arthur's castle an old woman. She wore no fine clothes, for she was very poor. She told the guards that she *must* see King Arthur. The guards would have turned her away, but King Arthur happened to be looking out of an open window, and he saw her.

"Who is the old dame yonder, and what does she want here?" King Arthur asked his companions.

Most of them were already knights. But among them was a tall, fair-haired young man who was not yet a knight.

This was Lancelot du Lake, whose courage and strength had already caused King Arthur to take an interest in him.

"My lord king," said Lancelot, "I will fetch the old dame for you."

Lancelot did this; and when the old woman came to King Arthur she clasped her hands together and went down on her knees before him.

"What is it you crave?" the king asked.

"Justice, lord king!" the old woman replied. "Your justice is praised by all men. Please help me!"

King Arthur took the old dame by the arm and gently helped her to her feet.

"There," he said. "Now tell me, who has done evil to you?"

"'Tis the wicked Sir Caradoc of the Dolorous Tower beyond the Marsh," said the old woman. "My son and I lived in a little hut by the Marsh . . . some way from the great wall of the rich baron. We harmed no one. But one day Sir Caradoc saw our humble little home."

"And what then?" King Arthur asked.

Tears came to the poor old woman's eyes as she answered: "He—he had my son beaten cruelly. Then Sir Caradoc ordered his men to pull down our home and burn it!"

Lancelot saw a look of anger come to King Arthur's face.

"Doth any of you know this Sir Caradoc?" the king asked his companions.

"Yes, my lord king," answered one knight. "He is a mighty man, fierce and strong. His brother is Sir Turquine, who tried to kill you at Caerleon. Sir Caradoc is a law unto himself."

"Not while I live!" cried King Arthur, angrily. "Such a tyrant as this Sir Caradoc must learn that there shall be justice for all in this land!"

Lancelot stepped forward.

"My lord king," he said, "let me go and order this tyrant to come here so that you may punish him and give justice to this old dame."

At first King Arthur refused, saying Lancelot was too young for so dangerous a task. But the king admired the young man's pluck, and in the end he agreed to send Lancelot, with two men-at-arms, to deliver the King's command.

So Lancelot rode out to the grim Dolorous Tower beyond the Marsh. And many who saw him go feared he might never return, so evil a man was Sir Caradoc.

But two days later all were happily surprised when they saw Lancelot ride in with Sir Caradoc, raging fiercely, roped hand and foot to the back of his horse!

This, my lord king, is Sir Caradoc," Lancelot said to King Arthur. "He would not come when I gave him your message. So, when he slept heavily after his midday meal, I took him unawares and made him my prisoner."

The king and all his knights were filled with admiration for Lancelot.

Then Lancelot startled them even more. "My lord king," he said boldly. "I think Sir Caradoc would joust with me, if you would give me knighthood!"

Sir Caradoc's rage increased as he heard the young man's words.

"Joust with you—a mere boy?" he sneered. "Dare to ride against me and you shall not live to see me deal in a like manner with this little king of yours!"

King Arthur would have wished to have one of his experienced knights in a jousting contest against Sir Caradoc. But in fairness to Lancelot, he agreed.

There and then the young challenger was knighted . . . Sir Lancelot.

Sir Caradoc was freed of his bonds, and within minutes King Arthur and his knights gathered to watch the great battle.

Sir Lancelot was helped on to his horse by his good friend Gawaine. When he was in the saddle he took the long spear which Gawaine handed up to him.

And now . . . all was ready!

Another moment and the two knights were

spurring their horses forward fast . . . faster . . . faster!!

With the thunder of hoofbeats drumming in his ears, Sir Lancelot galloped towards his evil foe, his spear held at the ready.

He thought of the many friendly "tilts" he had shared with Gawaine; but this was different. So different!

The long shadows cast by the setting sun were tinged with red. Which would live to see another sunset . . . Sir Caradoc, or King Arthur's new young knight?

The silent watchers wondered.

Sir Lancelot's strong grip tightened on his spear as the two horses drew closer and closer.

Then — *Crash!!*

Sir Lancelot felt Sir Caradoc's spear-head strike home on his armour.

So fierce was the blow that the new young knight was knocked clean off his horse.

Sir Caradoc's spear was broken in two by the blow, and, with a cry of fury, he sprang to the ground.

He drew his sword as he advanced upon his fallen young foe.

"So end all who dare defy me!" cried Sir Caradoc.

As he spoke his gleaming sword swung down . . . only to cut deep into the turf where Sir Lancelot had lain a second before!

In the nick of time, Sir Lancelot had flung himself aside. And he was up on his feet by

the time Sir Caradoc had recovered from his surprise.

Now Sir Lancelot drew his sword. For some minutes he was forced to give way before the savage attack of Sir Caradoc.

The clash of steel rang out on the evening air, and sparks flew from the gleaming blades.

Time and time again Sir Caradoc strove to end the grim battle. His fierce cuts and thrusts would have defeated many of the brave knights who stood watching.

But Sir Lancelot was fighting for more than his own life. He was fighting for *justice!*

When at last the final blow had been struck, and Sir Caradoc lay still upon the ground, a mighty cheer broke from those who had watched.

For Sir Lancelot had rid the land of a wicked tyrant and had won justice for the poor old woman and her son.

Here are some questions about the story "The Cobbled Streets of Clovelly", on page 10. Try to answer them to see how well you remember the story.

1. In which county is Clovelly?
2. What is the name of the famous drive nearby?
3. Who built the famous drive?





The **WISE OLD OWL**

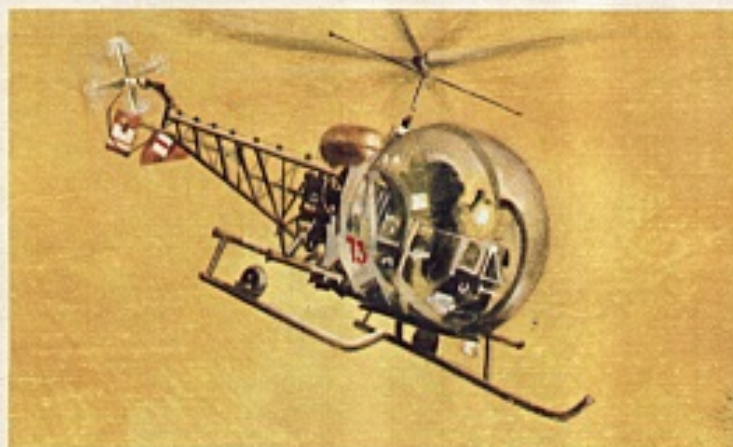
Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. Where is Land's End?

"It is the extreme South-West tip of Great Britain and is in Cornwall. Land's End consists of a turf-covered slope, which ends in a granite cliff 60 feet in height. It is pierced by a cave, which is 150 feet long and is known as Land's End Hole."



2. Why does a helicopter have a small propeller at the back?

"The small propeller, or tail rotor, keeps the helicopter on a steady course when in flight. It controls the direction in which the helicopter is heading by turning the body of the aircraft to the left or right. The pilot works it with pedals."



3. Which is the world's biggest harbour?

"The answer to this question is: the New York Harbour, in the United States of America. The port has a waterfront of no less than 755 miles, stretching over 92 square miles. There are many berths for ships of all sizes. 391 can dock at any one time."



4. When did the Ice Patrol start?

"After the sinking of the liner 'Titanic' (not shown here) in the year 1912, a patrol was formed to keep a close watch on floating icebergs drifting for the North into the Atlantic shipping lanes."



5. How did poodles get their name?

"The word 'poodle' comes from the German word 'pudel', which means a pool. It is short for pudel-hound, for at first poodles were water dogs used in hunting. Today they are popular as pets."